The nourſe to ſtill her child will tell my ſtorie,
And fright her crying babe with TARQVINS name.
The Orator to decke his oratorie,
VVill couple my reproch to TARQVINS ſhame.
Feaſt-finding minſtrels tuning my defame,
VVill tie the hearers to attend ech line,
How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that ſenceleſſe reputation,
For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnſpotted:
If that be made a theame for diſputation,
The branches of another roote are rotted;
And vndeſeru'd reproch to him alotted,
That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O vnſeene ſhame, inuiſible diſgrace,
O vnfelt ſore, creſt-wounding priuat ſcarre!
Reproch is ſtampt in COLATINVS face,
And TARQVINS eye maie read the mot a farre,
How he in peace is wounded not in warre.
Alas how manie beare ſuch ſhamefull blowes,
VVhich not thẽſelues but he that giues thẽ knowes.

If